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## Schizaea Pusilla at Toms River

PAULINE KAUFMAN

Among the pleasant days given over to the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the New York Botanical Garden, September twentieth, nineteen hundred and fifteen, will long be remembered. At about ten o'clock, members and guests of the Torrey Club, numbering fifty-two, left the New Jersey Central station in a special car, for the Pine Barrens of Toms River. The Fern Society was represented by Prof. R. A. Harper, Dr. John H. Barnhart, Mr. O. A. Farwell, Miss Laura M. Bragg, of the Charleston Museum, Mrs. L. Keeler, and Miss I. H. Stebbins, of Rochester, who had been at the Hart's-Tongue hunt. To my regret, I did not meet our President, Mr. Bissell, who, I have since heard, had joined our party in the afternoon. Mr. Long also joined us at the station, which we reached at half past twelve. After our lunch at the Ocean House, we started on our sandy walk. There are many ponds, pools, and sphagnum bogs in this section. Before reaching the first bog, we saw *Eupatorium hyssopifolium* and *E. verbenae-folium*, *Cassia nictitans*, *Arenaria squarrosa*, *Chrysopsis Mariana*, and the rarer *C. falcata*. The exquisite wands of Blazing Star, *Liatris graminifolia*, var. *dubia*, made the places glow with color. It was said that *Eupatorium resinosum* was found. I did not see it, but have read that nowhere in the world, except in the pine barrens of New Jersey, is this plant found. Tufts of *Hudsonia tomentosa* and *ericoides* and the dainty *Polygonella articulata* grow here and there. The first bog, having been reached by this time, gave such treasures as late specimens of the branching white flowered *Sabatia*, red root, *Lachnanthes tinctoria*, Cranberries, Pitcher plants, the three Sundews, the round leaved, spatulate and thread leaved, a tiny *Xyris*—but no *Schizaea*. On

further, walking over Pyxie and Bearberry past *Kalmia angustifolia*, Beach Plum and Huckleberry bushes, from which we took toll, down to the pond. It was very wet there, but a number of people tried their luck. At last the long searched for was found—three plants of the Curly Grass. Mrs. Keeler took first honors by finding two and Dr. Levine the third. In the meantime to those of us who did not want to wade, Mrs. Martin said, “though I have often looked for the fern and never found it, I know a place with a greater diversity of flowers;” and Rev. Dr. Lighthipe said, “and I know a bank whereon *Schizaea* used to dwell.” So leaving word for any one to come who cared to, Miss Jud and I followed our leaders, past the Pennsylvania Railroad station, past the mill where pencils and talcum powder are made, seeing en route the beautiful orange polygala and its relative *P. cruciata*, *Lobelia cardinalis* and the dainty *Lobelia Nuttallii*, *Aster nemoralis*, *Solidago odora* and *S. puberula*, *Rhexia*, the Chain fern *Woodwardia angustifolia*, *Gerardia purpurea*, *Bartonia tenella*, and many other good things. The place was bordered with cedar trees. There had been more, but a fire along shore had necessitated the cutting away of many of them. We were this side of a cranberry bog, separated from it by a little ditch. Our position was now on hands and knees, and the hunt began. Illustrations of the Fern were familiar to me and I had long owned a frond, but in spite of this, did not know just what to look for, until Miss Jud announced the first find. Gradually the eye grew accustomed to the tiny green curls, an inch and a half high and about the third of a grass blade in width, which were the sterile fronds, and the tiny brown pinnae in crowded pairs on the top of a longer, straighter frond which was fertile. Miss Jud found a second one, Mrs. Martin and I each found two plants, which we shared with Dr. Lighthipe, who had none.

The ferns were in the sphagnum among Lycopodiums, cranberry, sundews, and many smaller plants. Just at this time, a man came along, with fire in his eye, and told us that no one was allowed on the cranberry bogs. We assured him that we did not want his cranberries, whereupon he said that didn't make any difference. We said we were not harming his berries, and showed him what we were looking for, but you and I can imagine in which of two categories he placed us. However, he left, and if Mrs. Martin had not wanted to get an earlier train we might have made a larger capture. When, on returning, we told of our good luck, others tried theirs, but were not successful. In the sphagnum, which was around my plant, I found another sterile one. Kept wet for days, the fronds took on the exact curl of a corkscrew.

Other plants found were the horned bladderwort and a very tiny one, sand myrtle, *Eriocaulon septangulare*, *Eryngium Virginianum*, with its peculiar blue gray thimbles, St. Andrew's cross, and a great many more. To our regret, the purple Bladderwort was no longer in bloom, and we did not find the lovely Pine Barren Gentian *G. Porphyrio*.

At six o'clock came the call for the homeward journey. Box suppers had been provided, and every detail looked after, by our splendid guide, Mr. Percy Wilson, who will always be associated with a perfect day at Toms River.

NEW YORK CITY

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### Notes and News

THE FERN-PICKING INDUSTRY. The following item appeared in a Vermont paper some time in the past summer: